MARVEL MYSTERY COMICS

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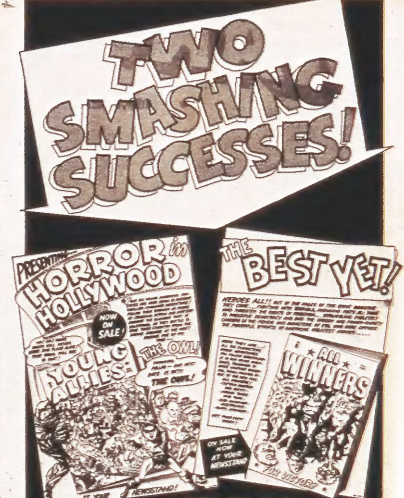

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HUMAN TORCH
"CRIME MARCHES ON!" MADAME CRIME
THAT WAS THE FEARFUL SLOGAN OF EVIL THAT BAFFLED
AS SHE PLUNGED INTO A CAMPAIGN OF EVIL AS SHE LOOKED,
EVEN THE HUMAN TORCH! AS HIDEOUS AS SHE LOOKED,
THE TRAIL OF INFRINGEMENTS AGAINST THE CODE OF JUSTICE
PROVED THERE WAS A CLEVER MIND BEHIND THAT TWISTED
FACE...
BUT THEN, EVEN MADAME CRIME WAS TOO CLEVER FOR HER OWN GOOD... SEE HOW THE HUMAN TORCH EXPOSES THIS BAFFLING MYSTERY!

AW, FIREBALLS! DO I HAVE TO FINISH MY HOMEWORK BEFORE I CAN GO TO THE PARTY?
RIGHT, CHUM! AMERICA NEEDS ITS YOUTH HEALTHY IN THE BOUN TOO!
AT THE OFFICE OF CULVER AND NITE...
WE'VE REACHED ROCK BOTTOM! OUR BUSINESS IS BANKRUPT!
WE'RE HAVING A MASQUERADE AT MY PLACE - SOME BIG BANKERS WILL BE THERE!
PERHAPS WE CAN INDUCE SOME OF THEM TO EXTEND OUR CREDIT!
AW- WHY DO OURSELVES - WE'RE ALL WASHED UP!
THE PARTY... VIVID COLORS AND VARIOUS COSTUMES ARE SCATTERED THROUGHOUT THE BALLROOM AS GAY REVELERS CARRY ON A CARNIVAL OF FUN!...
STUNNING, ISN'T SHE?
YOU BET! - AND EXPENSIVELY DRESSED, TOO! THOSE JEWELS ARE REAL - WORTH THOUSANDS!
WHO IS THE GIRL? CLEOPATRA?
BRENDA HEARN - HER FATHER OWNS MOST OF THE BANKS IN THIS TOWN!
PARDON ME A MINUTE, TORCH!
SURE! GETTING THIRSTY, EH?
SLOWLY - AN OMINOUS SILENCE BEFALLS THE REVELERS AS A GRUESOME FIGURE MAKES HER APPEARANCE!
MY, WHAT A LOVELY PARTY! EXPENSIVE LOOKING! MADAME CRIME SHOULD HAVE BEEN INVITED! TSK-TSK! SUCH BAD MANNERS!

SUCH PRETTY BAUBLES! THEY'LL LOOK WELL ON ME!
STAND BACK, SUCKERS!
THE HUMAN TORCH MAKES HIS PRESENCE KNOWN!
ONE SIDE, PUNK!
OWW!
CAN'T FLAME — MIGHT HURT THE GUESTS!
AH! — A VISITOR! THE HUMAN TORCH, I PRESUME!
PRESUMPTION CORRECT, OLD HAG! OR DO I SHOW BAD MANNERS AND MUST ADDRESS YOU AS MADAME CRIME?
VERY BAD MANNERS, MR. TORCH! TRY DUNKING YOUR EYES IN A LITTLE VICHY!
OWW! I CAN'T SEE!
THIS'LL HELP YOU TO SEAR BLIND!
TSK-TSK! SUCH A TOUCHING SCENE!
THE EVIL MADAME CRIME DRAGS TORCH'S UNCONSCIOUS FORM OUT TO THE GARDEN/...
HAH! LAUGH, CLOWN, LAUGH! THIS IS YOUR GRAND FINALE!
NO FUNNY MOVES!
... AND TO THE FISH POND...
THAT'S IT, TORCH! BREATHE HARD AND DEEP! YOU'LL HAVE FISH SWIMMING IN YOUR LUNGS IN ABOUT FIVE MINUTES! AH-HA!

BUT MADAME CRIME LETS OUT A BELLOW OF PAIN AS A FLAMING PUDDLE WALLOPS HER!
YEEOW! WHO DID THAT?
ME!
QUICKLY MADAME CRIME PRODUCES A SMALL BELLOWS!
THIS FLAME-RETARDING POWDER WILL COOL YOU DOWN A BIT!
--COUGH-- --COUGH-- MY FLAME!--IT'S DYING OUT! --COUGH--
HURRY, YOU LAZY LOUTS! GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE EVERY BLUE-COAT IN TOWN DECIDES TO HOLD A PICNIC HERE!
I HOID YOUSE, LADY!
--COUGH-- --COUGH-- GOTTA GET TORCH OUT!
IS HE DEAD?
I--I-- HOPE NOT -- COUGH -- ARTIFICIAL RESPIRATION SHOULD PULL HIM THROUGH!
A FEW MINUTES LATER...
UGH! -- I WON'T BE ABLE TO LOOK AT WATER FOR A MONTH!
YOU HAD A RESERVOIR FULL! --HERE'S MR. CLEVER!
WARDEN, ESCAPE, TORCH!
I'VE JUST 'PHONED FOR THE POLICE!
YOU SHOULD HAVE DONE THAT SOONER, NUTS!
YEAH-- BUT WHO IS THIS MADAME CRIME? SHE LOOKS LIKE AN UGLY EDITION OF MOTHER GOOSE!
GEE, TORCH! SPEAKING ABOUT MOTHER GOOSE REMINDS ME THAT I DIDN'T FINISH MY HOMEWORK! --MAD!
YOU YOUNG SCAMP! RIGHT HOME YOU GO -- EVEN IF YOU DID SAVE MY LIFE BY DISCIPLINING ME!

THE NEXT DAY...
MMM! THOSE JEWELS WERE WORTH OVER TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS! SOME HAUL!
MADAME CATSKI
SUDDENLY...
CAY... DIDN'T YOU DO YOUR HOME WORK YET?
NOPE! I JUST FOUND OUT THAT MADAME CATSKI HAS KIDNAPPED LITTLE CLEMEN AND SOME OTHERS ARE GOING TO THE BANK TO RAISE $50,000. THEY WANT YOU ALONG!
WOW! LET'S GO!
YOU BET! SOME HOME-CAN WAITS
MOMENTS LATER...
HERE WE ARE— I'VE GOT TO PHONE THE D.A. FIRST! WAIT HERE!
MAKE IT SNAPPY, PAL!
AFTER TORCH LEAVES...
I'VE GOT A CALL TO MAKE, ALSO — EXCUSE ME!
HEY! WHAT IS THIS?
MEANWHILE, A LITTLE WAY UP THE STREET...
THE CAR'S READY! BUT WHATS THE BAIL, MADAME?
GAGH— OH, YES— COME TO... SHOW YOU!
SEE— A VERTICAL BOMB— THE CAR IS AUTOMATICALLY CONTROLLED. I SET IT TO GO DRIVERLESS DOWN THE STREET, VEER INTO THE BANK, AND —
BOOM! GOES THE BANK WITH TORCH AND TORO INSIDE! THEY'RE TAKEN OVER! CHEE! THAT'S CLEVER!
TORCH FINISHES HIS CALL IN TIME TO SEE...
A DRIVERLESS CAR!

SUDDENLY THE CAR VEERS TO THE RIGHT!
HAH!! AND THAT'S THE END OF THE HUMAN TORCH AND HIS HOT-FRANKFURTER SIDE KICK!
INSIDE, MEN!
IT'S THAT BUG AGAIN! SHE JUST DIDN'T QUIT!
NO!.. WAIT A MINUTE, TORCH! WE'LL DEAL WITH THAT GIRL LATER!
HAVE A DOSE OF SLEEPING PILLS, BLUE-COAT!
DAT WAS FUNNY! HO-HAW!
MADAME CRIME AND HER COHORT, HEAVILY LADEN WITH LOOT, LEAVE THE WRECKED BANK ...
FLAME UP! THEY'RE COMING OUT!
AGHRR!!
YOU GET THE BAG, TORO! I'LL ATTEND TO THE SMALL FRY!
HAH! SO LITTLE HOT STUFF IS GOING TO GET MADAME CRIME, IS HE?
MADAME CRIME HURRIEDLY POKES A RUBBER HOSE OUT OF THE FRONT WINDOW!
COME CLOSER, LITTLE FLAMING YOUTH!
SAY YOUR PRAYERS, ANIMAL! I'M GONNA LET YOU HAVE IT, PRONTO!

CRACKING THE MOTOR, A STREAM OF GAS FROM THE EXHAUST SHOOTS OUT!
THE CAR SHOOTS FORWARD AND —
YEOW! TORCH!
(COUGH) CARBON MONOXIDE! (COUGH) MY FLAME IS OUT!
TORCH! — H-HELP!
WHA — ! TORCH HES HURT!
CRASH
CHEE! MY MUDDER ALWAYS SED I'D GET BOMED PLAYIN' WIT FIRE!
TORCH! — WHAT HAPPENED?
OH, HELLO, D.A.! MADAME CRIME'S ON THE LOOSE AGAIN! BLEW UP THE BANK — ROBBED IT — AND THEN STRUCK TORCH WITH HER CAR! THEY GOT AWAY!
WE'LL GET THE KID TO A HOSPITAL FAST!
YES, HURRY! —
I WONDER WHERE CULVER WAS ALL THE TIME!
OR RAFTY, PERHAPS!
AT THE HOSPITAL —
NOT TOO SERIOUS, TORCH! HEAD CONCUSSIONS AND ABRASIONS OF THE BODY — A WEEK HERE AND HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT!
WHAT A RELIEF! — TAKE GOOD CARE OF HIM! COME ON, D.A.!
BACK AT THE SCENE OF THE CRIME —
THERE YOU ARE, TORCH! I HEARD WHAT HAPPENED TO TORCH, IS HE OKAY?
YES, HELL RECOVER!
HMM! WHAT'S THAT ON CULVER'S HECK?
SUDDENLY — TORCH SLIPS! —
OOPS! CLUMSY OF ME! SORRY!
STEADY! THAT'LL ALL RIGHT! I'LL GIVE TORCH A VISIT LATER!
HMM! SEEMS LIKE GREASE PAINT!
LATER — AT THE HOSPITAL —
SO — YOU THINK MADAME CRIME IS CULVER — EH, TORCH?
THIS GREASE-PAINT RUBBING FROM HIS NECK PROVES SOMETHING — BUT I'D RATHER NOT SAY ANYTHING UNTIL I'M SURE!
SO — TORCH SUSPECTS ME! HMM! I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!

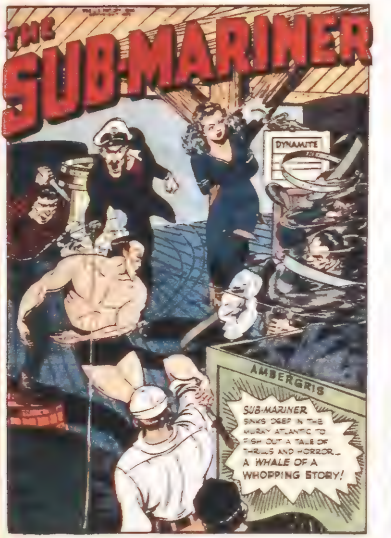
AS SOON AS THIS CASE IS CLOSED, I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU A SURPRISE! --YOU'LL BE TICKLED PINK!
A SURPRISE? FLAMING FIREFLIES! WHAT IS IT? HUH?
TORCH! MORE BAD NEWS!
MADAME CRIME HAS JUST MURDERED MR. NITE. SHE 'PHONED THE POLICE FIVE MINUTES AGO AND SAID TO FORGET THE RANSOM -- THE BANK HAD COMPENSATED HER FOR THAT!
THE NEXT DAY...
THAT CULVER IS A SMART ONE!
WITH ALL THOSE BIG SHOTS PRESENT, THERE OUGHT TO BE PLENTY OF MONEY AROUND AND WHERE THERE'S MONEY, THERE'S MADAME CRIME! ONLY THIS TIME THE TORCH WILL HOLD THE TRUMP CARDS AND UNMASK HER!
AT THE BAZAAR...
IT DISTRESSED ME SO TO HEAR THAT MADAME CRIME MURDERED MY PARTNER!
YES, I CAN BELIEVE THAT!
HMM! I WONDER!
PARDON ME, TORCH! THERE ARE SOME PEOPLE I KNOW!
SURE! GO AHEAD! I'LL FIND SOMETHING TO AMUSE MYSELF
SOMETHING SHOULD POP SOON! --AND WHEN IT DOES ---OH -- HERE IT COMES.
Then...
HAH! MY FORTUNE HAS TOLD ME THERE'S A FORTUNE TO BE HAD HERE!
CHEE! AIN'T SHE A SMART ONE!
YOUR FORTUNE 25¢

HAND THE MOOLA OVER, PUNY!
NO! THIS IS FOR THE ARMY!
THE ARMY CAN WAIT! MOMMA CRIME NEEDS DOUGH!
PERHAPS A FLAMING ARROW WILL CONVINCE MADAME CRIME THAT THE ARMY COMES FIRST!
THE FLAMING ARROW WHIZZES THROUGH THE AIR!
YEOW!
I WANNA LIVE! YA CAN'T FIGHT IN THAT FIRE-BUG!
SCRAM! OR WE'LL BE ROLLED LOBSTER WHO-DAT! (MY ARCHIN!)
BUT A VOLLEY OF BASEBALLS THROWN BY ANGRY PITCHING HAMMER THE FLEEING CRIMINEY!
YEOW! SOMEONE CONKED A THREE-BAGGER ON MY NOGGIE!
HASH JOE IN MAGGIO IS HERE Y'ALL! HIS GANG! CW!
I'VE GOT THE DOUGH! NOW TO GET OUT OF HERE IN THE EXCITEMENT!
SO - FRANKENSTEIN'S WIFE IS TRYING TO ESCAPE, EH?
WHEEL OF FORTUNE
YIPES! FLAMING DARTS! I'M PINNED TO THE WALL!
YOUR SLIP IS SHOWING, QUEENIE!

HERE ARE THE OTHERS, TORCH!
OW! MY DOME!
NOW THAT YOU'VE GOT ME TORCH WHAT NEXT?
WE'RE GOING TO HOLD AN UNVEILING, MADAME CRIME!
TORCH DOUSES HIS FLAME
I'M INTERESTED TO KNOW WHOSE FACE IS REALLY HIDING BEHIND THAT UGLY MESS OF MAKE-UP!
SO I'LL TAKE IT OFF - MR. MARTIN CULVER!
AS TORCH MAKES HIS ACCUSATION HE HURRIEDLY RUBS OFF THE MAKE-UP!
CLAUDE NITE!-- THE MURDERED MAN!
SO. WHAT NOSEY!
A MAN PUSHES HIS WAY THROUGH THE CROWD!
I DON'T BLAME YOU FOR SUSPECTING ME, TORCH BUT THAT CAN BE EXPLAINED!
CULVER I DON'T UNDERSTAND!
OF COURSE YOU DON'T!
THIS PHOSGENE GAS WILL END ALL EXPLANATIONS!
HEY!
COUGH! COUGH!
GAS!

BUT... THE HUMAN TORCH HOLDS HIS BREATH LONG ENOUGH TO FLAME AND .....
IF I DIVE UNDER THE GAS, THE HOT AIR DRAUGHT OF MY FLAME OUGHT TO FORCE THE GAS UPWARDS!
THAT FOOL OLIVER! I'LL GET HIM YET!
HE'S GETTING EVERYTHING! I CAN'T LET HIM GET AWAY SO EASY!
WHAT-- YOU, OLIVER! I'LL KILL YOU!
YOU'VE DONE ENOUGH DAMAGE TO HANG YOURSELF!
SEE THE TORCH ON ME WILL YOU?
UGHHH!
I'M GOING TO CUT YOUR HEAD OFF, YOU RAT!
NO! DON'T!
JUST THEN...
THERE! THAT TAKES CARE OF THE GAS! NOW WHERE'S THAT TWO FACED BIG BUTTON NOSED MURDERER NOW, HMM?
EEEYOWW! HELP!
HUMAN TORCH WHIPS UP A FLAMING HAND!
IF I MISS OLIVER'S A DEAD DUCK!

TORCH'S AIM IS TRUE AND THE FLAME HAS HALO SETTLES ON HITLER HEAD!
OWTCH! I'M ON FIRE!
TAKE IT, CER! OW! STOP IT! I GIVE UP!
EVEN WITH A HALO YOU LOOK LIKE THE DEVIL! HERE COME THE POLICE AND MADAME CHARLES SAYS ARE OVER!
TORCH! HE'S GOT THE LEADER!
TORCH RELIEVES HITE FROM HIS HALO....
TAKE HIM AWAY! HE'S GOT AN APPOINTMENT WITH A VALOIS!
YOU'RE NOT SO SMART, TORCH! ... WAIT AND SEE!
LATER....
YES, TORCH HITE TURNED TO CRIME BECAUSE OUR BUSINESS FAILED. HE FORCED ME TO COOPERATE WITH HIM UNDER DEAD OF DEATH. THAT'S WHY I INVITED YOU TO THE AFFAIRS, HOPING YOU WOULD STOP HIM!
HOW ABOUT THE MAKE-UP I FOUND ON YOUR NECK?
NITE FORCED ME TO HELP HIM WITH HIS MAKE-UP! SOME OF IT MUST HAVE GOTTEN ON MY NECK!
YES TORCH, I'M COMING OVER WITH THAT SURPRISE I PROMISED YOU!
SEE, TORCH, THAT'S SWELL! HURRY!
TEN MINUTES LATER....
MY HOME WORK!
JIMMY'S FLAME BUGS CAN'T TA GIVE FELLOW A REST!
HERE'S THAT SURPRISE, TORCH!
The HUMAN TORCH IS SWELL READING, RIGHT... AND HE FIND IT EASY WRITING... SO... IT'S SIMPLE ARITHMETIC THAT THE WHOLE THING ADDS UP TO THE BEST ENTERTAINMENT IN COMIC BOOKS!


THE SUB-MARINER
DYNAMITE
AMBERGRIS
SUB-MARINER SINKS DEEP IN THE MURKY ATLANTIC TO FISH OUT A TALE OF THRILLS AND HORROR— A WHALE OF A WHOPPING STORY!

SOMEWHERE ALONG THE ATLANTIC COAST TWO MEN STRUGGLE WITH A HEAVY BUNDLE...
UGH! THAT'S IT! DRAG IT INTO THE HOUSE!
THIS GUY WILL BE SURPRISED WHEN HE WAKES UP!
INSIDE...
HERE HE IS, CAPTAIN CUTTER!
GOOD! DUMP HIM ON THE FLOOR!
THE KIDNAPPED MAN TURNS OUT TO BE SUB-MARINER!
THEN CHLOROFORM! - HEY!
WHO BROUGHT YOU HERE FOR SOME INFORMATION?
HE WHO?
SINCE YOU ARE WELL ACQUAINTED WITH THE HABITS OF FISH AT SEA, I WANT YOU TO TELL ME WHERE THE LARGE SCHOOLS OF WHALE STAY! - YOU'RE PROBABLY THE ONLY MAN WHO KNOWS THAT!
WHALES? WHAT WOULD YOU WANT WITH THEM? - THAT'S THE REASON YOU KIDNAPED ME!
PRINCE NAMOR STRUNG AT THE HANDCUFFS HOLDING HIM!
TILL YEAR YOU APART FOR BROTHERING ME!
NO? - WAIT!
YES, PRINCE NAMOR! NAM!
BETTY!!! ARE YOU IN THESE OLD SCUPPERS? I THOUGHT YOU WERE STILL WITH THE POLICE!
I WANT BUT A FEW THOUSAND DOLLARS WOULD CHANGE ANYONE'S MIND! NAMOR, DO WHAT CUTTER SAYS! - TELL HIM WHERE THE WHALES SCHOOLS ARE!
BETTY! I DESPISE YOU FOR WORKING WITH THESE SEA BUMS! BUT MORE SO FOR TRYING TO TURN ME OVER TO THEM!
NAMOR!
STOP HIM!
HEY!
I'VE GOT TO BE GONE! I CAN'T STAND SKUNKS!

DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY
HE WON'T IF I CAN CATCH UP WITH HIM
PARTICULARLY WHALES!
OVER THERE -
SPERM OIL!
DEAD BABY WHALES
THIS BUNCH IS HEADED FOR TROUBLE! I WONDER WHAT'S INSIDE THE SHED?
NAMOR STEPS INSIDE TO FIND --
THERE'S THAT RUMMY I SLAPPED AROUND IN THE HOUSE. WHAT'S HE SEARCHING AROUND IN THAT GREY MATTER FOR?
HE AIN'T AROUND HERE
YES I AM
GUESS YOU'RE BURNING UP - SO I'LL COOL YOU OFF WITH THIS!
NAMOR TURNS TO INVESTIGATE THE GREY SUBSTANCE....
WHEW! IT'S AMBERGRIS TAKEN FROM THE BELLIES OF WHALES. IT'S USED AS THE BASE FOR PERFUMES AND SOME MEDICINES. THIS BATCH IS WORTH A HUNDRED THOUSAND AT LEAST
NO WONDER THEY WANT TO KNOW WHERE THE WHALES ARE. THEY'LL KILL BABIES AND ALL - SLAUGHTER THEM FOR THIS STUFF.
SOMEONE'S COMING! I'D BETTER VAMOOSE!

SOUNDS LIKE CUTTER AND HIS MEN – I'LL SMASH THEM YET!
HE GOT AWAY!
YEH! AFTER DUNKIN' ME LIKE A CRULLER IN A BARREL OF SPERM OIL!
THERE'S NO TIME FOR REMORSE! WE'LL HAVE TO GET OUR SHIP UNDER WAY AND USE OUR NEW METHOD. – WE'LL GET WHALES WITHOUT SUB MARINER'S HELP
THE NEXT MORNING – AS SUB MARINER SWIMS ALONG PLAYFULLY WITH A LARGE SCHOOL OF WHALES . .
IT'S ALL RIGHT TO KILL WHALES OF LEGAL SIZE – BUT BABY WHALES! THAT'S MURDER AND THERE ARE LAWS AGAINST THAT!
SUDDENLY THE WHALE SCHOOL TURNS ABOUT ---
THEY'RE SWIMMING IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION! – NOW, WHAT MADE THEM DO THAT?
THAT YELLOW SPOT IN THE WATER! THEY'RE ATTRACTED TO IT! WHERE DID IT COME FROM?
– CUTTER'S SHIP – OF COURSE! THERE'S A HUGE PRISM ATTACHMENT BETWEEN THE MASTS! IT'S REFLECTING THE YELLOW LIGHT TAKEN FROM THE SUN BEAM AND DEFLECTING IT INTO THE WATER!
SUDDENLY – A HARPOON MACHINE-GUN BOOMS OUT!
THEY'RE SLAUGHTERING THE WHALES!

ABOARD THE SEA POACHERS SHIP ..
HE'S COMING FOR US! DIRECT THE PRISM RAYS ON HIM!
OWW! THE WATER'S HOT! THEY'VE TURNED A CONCENTRATED BEAM OF LIGHT ON ME!
THAT GOT HIM! HE'S FRIED TO A HAMBURGER! -SANK UNDER! PROCEED WITH THE MACHINE GUN HARPOON
BUT PRINCE NAMOR WAS MERELY SWUM TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SHIP ---
THOUGHTFUL OF THOSE SEA DONKEYS TO LEAVE A JACOB'S-LADDER SWINGING OVERSIDE FOR ME!
THAT GUNNER SEEMS TO ENJOY HIS DIRTY WORK!
CLAT! CLAT! CLAT!
WHAT YOU NEED IS A GOOD CLEAN BATH AND BROTHER YOU'RE GONNA HAVE ONE - FILLED WITH SALT
BETTY! YOU HERE TOO!
SO WHAT? ?
IN BLIND FURY THE UNDERSEA PRINCE MOVES FORWARD AND ---
TEACH ME NOTHING SCHOOL-TEACHER
5

NAMOR COMES TO
HUH?
THE MOMENT PRINCE NAMOR IS FREE HE BOLTS FOR THE COMPANIONWAY!

THE SEA PIRATES CONTINUE THEIR GRISLY WORK!
WHAT ARE YOU STOPPING FOR?
WE'RE NOT! THE FISH WON'T COME IN THAT'S ALL
WHILE UNDER WATER...
THIS'LL GIVE 'EM SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT!
NOW THE CABLE BROKE
AYE AYE SIR
LATER
I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF SUB-MARINER HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH BREAKING THAT CABLE!
I'D LIKE TO GET MY HANDS ON THAT TURTLE!
NEITHER WOULD I
SUDDENLY THE LAUNCH SHOOTS INTO THE AIR
SUB-MARINER!
SUB-MARINER NOW IT'S MY TURN
OH OH
I'M GOING TO MAKE A DRUM OUT OF YOUR THICK HIDE AFTER I SKIN YOU
AMBITIOUS AREN'T YOU DRUMMER BOY?

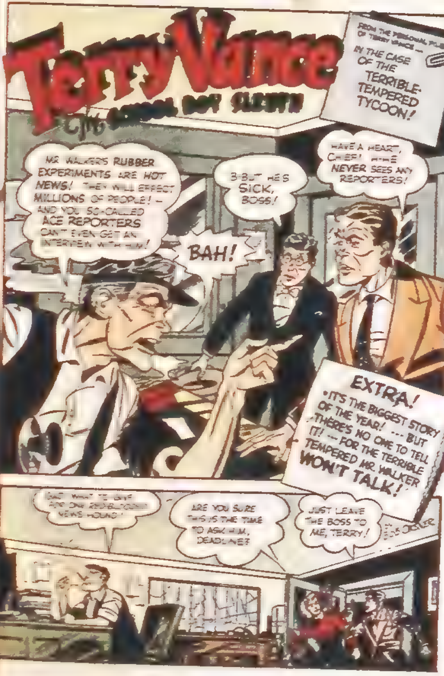
THE BATTLERS SINK UNDERWATER. SOON THE OCEAN IS TINTED WITH A CRIMSON BLOTCH
NAMOR COMES UP ALONE, THE VICTOR
THAT WAS A NASTY JOB, BUT HE DESERVED IT
BETTY WITH CAPTAIN CUTTER ON SHORE
MEANWHILE
I'M GOING UP TO THE HOUSE TO MAKE A CALL. YOU'D BETTER STAY HERE
ALL RIGHT
I WONDER WHERE NAMOR IS?
BETTY, WHAT IS THIS ALL ABOUT?
THAT'S JUST WHAT I INTEND TO DO! SPOIL EVERYTHING!
NO! DON'T!
NAMOR, YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING!
DYNAMITE SPEAKS FOR ITSELF. BETTER START RUNNING
BUT
YOU SHOULD HAVE LISTENED TO BETTY

THE EVIL CAPTAIN CUTTER HAS PRINCE NAMOR STRAPPED BETWEEN TWO BABY WHALES FLOATING ON THE WATER...
THE DYNAMITE SHOULD KEEP YOU GOOD COMPANY
I'D RATHER HAVE YOU HERE INSTEAD
AFTER THE FUSE IS LIT SUB MARINER IS SET ADRIFT!
SO LONG WATER BOY GIVE MY REGARDS TO THE ANGELS.
THIS IS CARRYING THINGS TOO FAR!
CALLING COAST GUARD STATION NUMBER FOUR BETTY REPORTING FROM CUTTER'S HEADQUARTERS
BETTER TEST THE PRISM BEFORE WE'RE OUT TOO FAR!
YES SIR BUT LOOK!
IT'S SUB MARINER HE'S GOT THE PRISM.
SCREAMING SEAGULLS HOW DID HE GET LOOSE FROM THE WHALES?

... SUB-MARINER SENDS THE PRISM CRASHING TO THE DECK! IT SHATTERS IN A COLORFUL SPRAY OF GLASS!
OWW!
HEY!
CRASH!
OH SAY, HERE COMES THE CUTTHROATS' UNION!
THERE HE IS!
NAMOR COMES UP TO A BARREL OF SPERM-OIL AND ---
YOU BOYS ARE SLOW - THIS OIL OUGHT TO HELP GREASE YOUR JOINTS UP!
SPLASH!
QUITE A JAM SESSION YOU WALL FLOWERS ARE HAVING
I'LL PLUG YOU!
NOT WITHOUT MY PERMISSION, HERRING! HAVE A BARREL OF FUN.
WE'LL GET AWAY IN THE LAUNCH!
GIVE 'ER THE GUN THIS BOAT'LL MAKE FORTY KNOTS FASTER THAN HE'LL EVER SWIM!
I'LL SETTLE THEIR HASH ONCE AND FOR ALL!

AS THE BOAT ROARS AWAY ...
THEY FORGOT TO PULL IN THEIR MOORING LINES
NAMOR SNAPS THE LINE BACK!
WE'VE STOPPED!
WHAT?
IT'S THAT SEA SQUIRT AGAIN
THE RIFLE CRACKS!
WOW! CLOSE! OOPS! THE LINE SLIPPED
ZING...
GUESS SUB-MARINER WON'T BOTHER US ANY MORE WITH A BULLET IN HIS BRAIN!
NOW LET'S TIE UP TO THE WHARF!
FUNNY NO ONE AROUND
SAY CUTTER LOOK!
AS CUTTER AND THE SEAMAN STEP FORWARD ...
BETTY YOU'VE DOUBLE CROSSED US

THERE'S THE BOAT! IT'S COMING FOR SHORE!
BUT HOW?– IT HAS NO STEAM UP!
PRINCE NAMOR SUPPLIES THE LOCOMOTION! HIS BRAWNY BODY BENDS AT THE HERCULEAN TASK! ...
AH! THE COASTGUARD! THEY GOT BETTY AND CUTTER! –GOOD!
NAMOR! YOU'RE ALIVE
BETTY, I'M GOING TO SPANK YOUR SLACKS OFF!
JUST A MINUTE SUB-MARINER!
BETTY WAS WORKING FOR THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT. SOMEONE WAS KILLING OFF THE BABY WHALES AND WE HAD TO FIND OUT WHO – AND GET THEM. SHE HAS DONE A SPLENDID JOB.
OH, I'M SORRY BETTY. NOW I KNOW WHY YOU DIDN'T WISH ME TO INTERFERE
THAT'S RIGHT NAMOR – BUT HOW IN DAVEY JONES LOCKER DID YOU ESCAPE FROM THE WHALES AND THE DYNAMITE?
CUTTER MADE THE MISTAKE OF TYING ME WITH CORDS GREASED WITH SPERM OIL. IT WAS EASY TO SLIP OUT OF THEM. BY THE WAY WHERE'S CUTTER?
TAKE A GOOD DRINK OF THIS CUTTER! IT'S GOOD FOR YOUR UGLY PUSS
GLUB!
HALP!
AGHRR!
THE GOVERNMENT GETS THE SPERM OIL FOR WAR USE – AND THE PROFITS FROM THE CONFISCATED AMBERGRIS WILL BE GIVEN TO NAVY RELIEF! HOW DOES THAT SOUND?
IT'S ALL RIGHT WITH ME BUT CUTTER SEEMS NOT AT ALL PLEASED!
AGH! PHEW!
AND SO — ANOTHER WHALE OF A YARN WINDS UP!
BUT THERE'S NOTHING FISHY ABOUT THE FACT THAT THE SUB-MARINER WILL EVEN TOP THIS ONE IN THE NEXT


Terry Vance
FROM THE PERSONAL FILES OF TERRY VANCE — IN THE CASE OF THE TERRIBLE-TEMPERED TYCOON!
MR WALKER'S RUBBER EXPERIMENTS ARE HOT NEWS! THEY WILL EFFECT MILLIONS OF PEOPLE! — AND YOU SO-CALLED ACE REPORTERS CAN'T EVEN GET AN INTERVIEW WITH HIM!
B-BUT HE'S SICK, BOSS!
HAVE A HEART, CHIEF! HE NEVER SEES ANY REPORTERS!
BAH!
EXTRA!
IT'S THE BIGGEST STORY OF THE YEAR! --- BUT THERE'S NO ONE TO TELL IT! -- FOR THE TERRIBLE TEMPERED MR. WALKER WON'T TALK!
ARE YOU SURE THIS IS THE TIME TO ASK HIM, DEADLINE?
JUST LEAVE THE BOSS TO ME, TERRY!

DEADLINE APPROACHES HIS EDITOR...
I'VE FINISHED MY WORK! MAY I TAKE THE AFTERNOON OFF TO GO SWIMMING?
H-WH-WHAT??
FIRST MY ACE REPORTERS CAN'T GET A SIMPLE STORY ON MR. WALKER
AND NOW A YOUNG CUB WANTS TO GO SWIMMING!
WELL-EE-ER UH-I-EE--
LISTEN, YOU! I WANT AN INTERVIEW WITH MR. WALKER ABOUT HIS RUBBER EXPERIMENTS! NOW GO GET IT!
Y-YES (GULP) Y-YES, SIR!
GANDHI'N! HERE COMES THE BIG EXPRESS!
A LITTLE LATER...
THERE'S THE WALKER MANSION!
WISH ME LUCK!
DEADLINE ENTERS...
COME IN!
H-HAND STAY O-
WELL, HE DID IT! DEADLINE GOT THE INTERVIEW!
YET SO TASTY TERRY LOOK!

IT'S NO USE TERRY! THE OLD MAN WON'T TALK!
THAT'S OKAY! JUST PHONE YOUR EDITOR! HE'LL UNDERSTAND!
OH YEAH!
BUT WHEN DEADLINE PHONES!...
DON'T GIVE ME ANY BLANKETY BLANK ALIBIS! YOU'RE FIRED!
OOH!
OOH!
OOH!
DON'T FEEL BADLY DEADLINE! EVEN THE ACE REPORTERS COULDN'T GET TO SEE MR. WALKER!
IF I COULD ONLY BE THE EDITOR OF MY OWN NEWSPAPER!
SAY! WHY NOT? WE COULD SELL OUR CAR AND WITH THE MONEY WE COULD START A CRACKERJACK LOCAL PAPER!
YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING, TERRY! LET'S GET IT STARTED RIGHT AWAY!
THE CAR IS SOLD AND A SMALL PRESS IS ACQUIRED.
THE CORNER OF AN ABANDONED WAREHOUSE BECOMES THE MAIN OFFICE.
COMING OUT SOON
HOME OF THE WEEKLY BUGLE
A STAFF OF KIDS START COLLECTING ADS AND SUBSCRIPTIONS...
EDITOR
...AND AT THE FIRST EDITORIAL MEETING...
THERE'S ONLY ONE STORY THAT WOULD PUT OUR PAPER ON THE MAP!
YES—THAT INTERVIEW WITH MR WALKER!
HERE WE GO AGAIN!

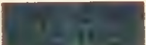
BACK AT THE WALKER ESTATE...
THE GATE'S GUARDED!
THIS LOOKS LIKE A JOB FOR DR. WATSON!
I'D JUST LIKE TO SEE ANY REPORTERS TRY TO GET IN NOW!
TERRY AND DR. WATSON HOLD A HURRIED CONFERENCE!
THEN YOU'LL DO IT?
SURE THING, TERRY
JUST CALL ME COMMANDO WATSON!
I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND MY DROPPING IN ON YOU THIS WAY!
WHAT TH—!
C'MON, DEADLINE! THROUGH THE
HEY! YOU KIDS COME BACK HERE!
—WHERE ARE YOU?
GOSH— HE'S GOT A GUN
QUICK! LET'S DUCK INTO THIS GARAGE!

THE BOYS RUN UP TO THE SECOND FLOOR OF THE GARAGE!
FASTER, TERRY! THE GUARD IS COMING!
WE'RE IN THERE!
SHUT THE DOOR!
THE DOOR IS OPENED!
WOW! THIS MUST BE OLD MAN WALKER'S HOBBY ROOM!
WHAT'S THAT TICKING SOUND?
MAYBE IT'S A BOMB!
"IT'S A TICKER-TAPE MACHINE!"
BUT I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT'S IN CODE!
WHAT ARE YOU READING?
THE CODE BOOK!
TICK TICK
"RUBBER EXPERIMENTS SUCCESSFUL!!"
AH! WE CAN GET TO SEE MR. WALKER! THAT "TICKER-TAPE" WILL BE OUR PASSPORT!
THE "TAPE" IS DECODED! THIS MACHINE MUST BE CONNECTED TO WALKER'S FACTORIES!
RIGHT! HANDY SAYS

THE GUARD ISN'T AROUND ANY MORE
LET'S RUN OVER TO THE MAIN RESIDENCE
BE CAREFUL TERRY, THE OLD MAN'S A TERROR
SOMEONE'S COMING TO THE DOOR
INSIDE...
TWO REPORTERS TO SEE YOU SIR
WHAT? THROW THEM OUT!
I SUPPOSE I'LL HAVE TO -- BUT BE BRIEF
AS TERRY CONCLUDES...
AND SO WHEN MY FRIEND DEADLINE WAS FIRED, WE STARTED OUR OWN NEWSPAPER
HMM. VERY INTERESTING.
I LIKE YOUR SPIRIT, SON, AND SINCE YOU KNOW THE GOOD NEWS ABOUT THE RUBBER SITUATION...
I'LL GIVE YOU THE EXCLUSIVE STORY OF HOW IT ALL HAPPENED

THAT AFTERNOON...
BOY! WON'T OUR SCOOP ROCK THE TOWN!
YEAH! I'D LIKE TO SEE MY BOSS'S FACE NOW!
JUST THEN...
STOP THE TRUCK
WHO'S THAT?
SCREECH!
SIR
MY BOSS!
WHERE DID YOU GET THAT STORY? WHOSE PAPER IS THIS? HOW COULD YOU DO SUCH A THING TO ME?
IT'S OUR PAPER!
LET ME HAVE THE STORY. I'LL BUY UP EVERY COPY OF YOUR NEWSPAPER - YOU CAN HAVE YOUR OLD JOB BACK!
WITH A RAISE? GEE!
BUY A PRESS TOO?
I'LL DOUBLE YOUR SALARY!
THAT'S GOOD ENOUGH DEADLINE
OKAY THE STORY IS YOURS!
WITH YOUNGSTERS LIKE THAT THE FUTURE OF AMERICA IS ASSURED! THEY KNOW WHAT THEY WANT - AND THEY GET IT!
EXTRA! EXTRA!
RIGHT! THERE'S ALWAYS SOMETHING EXTRA IN STORE FOR YOU WHEN TERRY VANCE AND HIS PALS GO INTO ACTION IN EVERY ISSUE OF MARVEL COMICS!

SMOKED OUT



PETE SKIDDED the plane into the clearing below the cabin. He had to hustle with the supplies for the camp north, a mob of [illegible] waiting till he got back. He flung open the door of the plane and hopped out. From the chimney of the cabin wood smoke curled lazily into the afternoon sunlight. It was [illegible] down here in the little valley. Pete hurried ahead, hoping Zeke would be ready to go. The cabin looked deserted, however, almost as if—

Zeke Cutter dashed out from behind the log cabin, bending forward, elbows pumping furiously, his long white hair streaming. He was running full tilt—

A man [illegible] into view. He swung a carbine up and fired and Zeke went sprawling to the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] into the air.

Pete [illegible] that he'd run into [illegible] trouble. The guy with the rifle [illegible] and prodded the [illegible] figure, meanwhile keeping a watchful eye on Pete. Old Zeke didn't stir. The man came forward menacingly.

"Hope you aren't in a hurry, bub. You're going to come in right handy—"

"You dirty killer!" Pete blazed. "Shooting Zeke down in cold blood!"

"Serves him right for making a break. Now shut up—we're going to need you." The man grinned [illegible].

Pete strode forward, dropped to one knee. Zeke had been a good old guy—

ZEKE WHISPERED hoarsely, "Pretend I'm dead!"

Pete drew a breath of relief. Old Zeke wasn't dead although he'd been hit. The red [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] that. The stranger walked up [illegible] [illegible] Pete with the muzzle of the carbine.

"Dead, ain't he? Pick 'im up and lug him off into the brush. Buzzards'll [illegible] soon enough. If he lies out here and [illegible]—"

Pete steadied himself. Anger still made his heart slam. He knew his own position was dangerous, that he'd best obey orders, especially if he and Zeke could pull some stunt . . . "He's dead." Pete squatted another moment. "Hope you're satisfied."

"Pick 'im up and get going!" The carbine muzzle jabbed roughly. "You got work to do. March!"

Old Zeke was disposed of and they went back to the cabin. Good thing this guy hadn't done the decent thing and buried the old bird, Pete reasoned.

Stepping inside the door, Pete's captor said, "Mike, this is our new chauffeur. He's been good enough to offer to get us out of here. Save lugging the stuff back down to where we left the jalopy. That load of junk's about washed up anyhow."

Pete glared at the stranger, a bearded-over face and a bum eye. He was sweating over Zeke's winter's catch of pelts. The window was tight shut. The air stunk.

"Who said I was taking you out?" Pete snarled.

"I said so! How about it, Mike, don't you think it would be nice of the guy?"

"Cut the comedy, Red." Mike mopped perspiration from his dirty face. "You, kid, finish this. Me, I've had enough. Tie these furs into bundles and lug 'em out to that skylark of yours. I'll mosey around a little." He headed out the door, after exchanging looks with Red.

It was tough work, Pete discovered. He had no alternative and it was hot as Hades in here. The window was tight shut. Pete tried to open it but it wouldn't budge. He got a drink at the tap. Old Zeke had everything fixed up here. Water piped in from the spring, a sink, a radio and pictures. The old cuss sure liked comfort.

"Come on, come on," Red growled from his chair in the doorway. "Get going or I'll speed you up!"

Pete started lugging the bundles out. Mike reappeared presently, his bearded face looking worried about the one good eye. "Where'd you say the old guy was?" he demanded of Red. "I been looking—"

Red got to his feet. There was an ominous silence in the cabin. A wasp buzzed monotonously up under the eaves. Pete felt sweat drip from him as Red looked him over, his thin face angry and tight around the mouth.

"Smart guy, huh?" Red walked across. He'd left the carbine by his chair. His skinny body swayed like a cobra about to strike. "You told me the old guy was croaked—"

"You didn't have to take my word for it! I'm no saw-bones. I thought he was dead—"

Red struck. Pete parried the blow, flung himself forward, grappling. They swayed and crashed over, while Mike closed in, swinging a heavy boot unexpectedly. It caught Pete in the ribs with numbing force, crushed breath from his body, sent pain tearing into him.

Red's hands were at his throat and the cabin was revolving sickeningly. Mike delivered again, laughing crazily and darkness closed down. Pete's eyes seemed about to pop out, then it was all black before him.

THEY WERE WAITING like a couple of buzzards when Pete opened his eyes. His throat ached, his eyes smarted and he hoped no bones were broken.

Red slouched across. "Get up!" he rasped. "Any more smart stunts and you'll get a one-way ticket! The old man got away but that won't do you any good. He can't be far off. He'll probably die of cold tonight. He can't swipe the jalopy. I saw to that. Get those furs into the plane. Fast!"

Zeke's catch had been a good one. Pete tied into the job. Red was in the cabin and had the carbine. Mike was off in the hills somewhere, probably hunting down old Zeke. They were just the kind who'd hate to go away having failed to kill someone. Nothing would please them more than to finish the old guy off, loot his cabin and then destroy it behind them.

The silence was suddenly shattered by a shot somewhere out in the hills. Red leaped outside. Pete whirled. He was half way across the clearing. He saw Red face away and took the chance. Swiftly Pete hurled himself into the shadows of the woods, then spun back in time to see Mike appear from the opposite side of the clearing.

There was the heavy bam of a gun shot. Mike stumbled, caught himself, started to sag just as Red leaped forward, caught him and dragged him into the cabin, slamming the heavy door.

Pete realized that either help had arrived miraculously, or old Zeke had really tricked Red and Mike. It was growing dim out in the clearing now but as Pete moved restlessly, uneasily, he suddenly heard a gruff voice. "S'no use now, son. They'll barricade themselves in there. We're outta luck for the time—"

"You aren't hurt . . ."

"Winged. I—"

"What's that you've got?" Pete peered closer.

"Old 45-70 Springfield," Zeke explained, glancing toward the cabin. "I kept it down at my diggings, just for an emergency. I been panning a little down creek a ways. We've gotta get those devils out of my cabin! They're smart enough not to take chances. They'll stay an' starve us out! I'd be no good alone if you went for help—"

The wind crooned gently, while near at hand, Pete heard the soft gurgle of water, water out of the drain from the cabin. Mike and Red in there taking it easy, barricaded. Maybe Mike wasn't even hurt. They'd be cooking supper, taking it easy . . .

Old Zeke muttered, "We'll have to do something—" He swayed suddenly and Pete grabbed him. "Lost . . . blood," the old man whispered. "If we don't hustle . . ."

Pete stared across the clearing. Do something—but what?

"If you're strong enough to make it up to the hillside," Pete muttered, "go ahead. Find a place where you can see all sides if possible. I've got an idea. Maybe it'll work, maybe it won't. If it does . . . I'll drive those babies out! Pronto!"

OLD ZEKE MADE HIS way to the hillside where he could see down onto the cabin. It lay below in the clearing. Pete sneaked out to the plane, under cover of dark. He kicked over the prop after making some minor arrangements [illegible] back. The motor ch[illegible] healthy roar. Dust [illegible] opened the throttle gently, yanked a lever and tumbled out, crouching down, staring back toward the cabin—

For a while nothing happened. The roar of the motor filled his ears. The ship was trembling . . .

Suddenly the door of the cabin was hurled open. Red flung himself out, churning for the woods.

Up on the hillside the roar of old Zeke's 45-70 blasted the air, belched a load of smoke and fire. Red stumbled, and went over onto his face and shoulder like a cow lying down. He lay motionless. Zeke flipped the heavy breech-lock of the old single-shot. The empty shell flicked out and he slipped another in, flipped the breech shut, hauled back the big hammer.

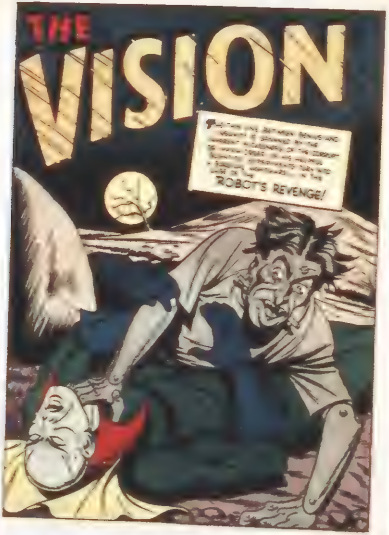
Mike appeared in the doorway. He was staggering but there was something wrong. He made the open where his knees gave out and he hit the ground and lay still. Behind him in the doorway smoke began to drift out into the chill evening air.

"Nice goin'," old Zeke chortled, hurrying down to the clearing where Pete was trussing the two men. "Whatever it was you done—"

Pete panted, "I was all set to do a job of crop dusting when I got back. So I dusted these two birds out of the cabin. Probably they were more scared than anything else when this stuff began rolling up into the cabin out of the sink. Of course, if they'd stuck it out they'd have gotten a dose of carbon monoxide. I simply hooked my exhaust onto the drain pipe leading into the cabin."

"Come to think of it," Zeke murmured, "they do kind of look like a couple of smoked hams!"

THE END


THE
VISION
ROBOT'S REVENGE!

COLD STONE WALLS OF A CASTLE-LIKE MANSION OVERLOOKING A SLEEPY NEW ENGLAND TOWN STRANGE EXPERIMENTS AND THEIR ACCOMPANYING SOUNDS MARK THE PLACE AS ONE TO BE AVOIDED ON DARK NIGHTS
ON YOUR CHOICE OF SUBJECTS
LIVE!
PAY!
DISAPPEARING VAGRANTS AND STOLEN ANIMALS AROUSE THE QUIET COUNTRYSIDE
I TELL YOU THE ANSWER LIES IN THERE!
BUT WHY WOULD THEY STEAL SHEEP AND MEN?
WOW
OF US.
LET'S GO!
AS THEY APPROACH THE BUILDING A PALE GAUNT FACE APPEARS AT A HIGH WINDOW DR DREER
GO AWAY YOU FOOLS I HAVE NO TIME FOR EXPLANATIONS
BUST IT OPEN
CHANCE
IT'S GIVING

WRECK HIM!
GET HIM!
RUSH!
GENTLEMEN! PLEASE! I CAN EXPLAIN!
NO! NO!
OVER HE GOES!
— NOT WHILE I LIVE.

AS DYNAMOS WHIR TO SUPPLY LIGHT AND POWER - GRETTLE SEVERS DREER'S HEAD AND PLACES IT INTO AN ALREADY CONSTRUCTED METAL BODY!
SOON MASTER SOON!
A SWITCH IS THROWN AND WEIRD LIGHTS DANCE LIKE DEVILS OVER THE ROBOT BEARING THE HEAD OF A MAN
SUDDENLY THE LIGHTS FADE AND THE ... STOPS ... AND THE FIGURE MOVES
NO THE CLIFF — WHERE AM I? THESE HANDS WH--
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO ME? I'M NOT A MAN!
YOU! YOU! ... YOU FOOL!
AGHH NO! AGHH
THEY DID THIS TO ME! A LIVING ROBOT! THEY WOULDN'T LISTEN TO ME - BUT THEY'LL HEAR ME NOW!
I'LL TEAR 'EM APART! I'LL ... KILL!

THEN—ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN—A QUIET CARD GAME IS INTERRUPTED—
AGNNN!
DREER! —WHAT THE—
BUT WE— ULGHHH—
LEAVING TWO DEAD MEN AND A BURNING SHACK—DREER DRIVES ON
ANOTHER VISIT— ANOTHER VICTIM!
BUT FROM THE SMOKE OF THE PYRE ARISES THE VALIANT VISION!
A MADMAN! LOOKS LIKE I'M GOING TO HAVE A BUSY EVENING
EASE UP, CHUM— I WOULD HAVE WORDS WITH YOU
SO! — ANOTHER HUMAN TIRED OF HIS LIFE!
NOT SO TIRED BUD.
—THINK SO? —
UGHHH!
BUT THE VISION'S SMASHING ATTACK IS MATCHED — AND A STEEL FIST HITS HOME WITH PILE DRIVER FORCE
THEN — A STRANGE THING — INSTEAD OF FINISHING OFF HIS STUNNED FOE DREER PICKS HIM UP AND TURNS FOR THE CASTLE
5

AT LAST -- A BODY SUITABLE ENOUGH TO HOUSE MY SUPER INTELLIGENCE
NOW FOR THE OPERATION: I SHALL BRING INTO USE MY MECHANICAL SURGEON -- OUR HEADS WILL BE EXCHANGED
GOOD!
YES SOON THAT BODY WILL BE MINE! MINE!
HEY WHAT'S THIS

—AND MY COMMANDS BACKED UP BY POUNDS OF LIVING METAL!
CLANG!
METAL, EH? —WELL, THIS MAY BE A SHOCK TO YOU, BUT—
STOP! YOU—
I HAVE WAYS OF SAYING NO!
TEEMING VOLTS FUSE THE MAD DOCTOR'S ROBOT BODY -- AND WHITE-HOT --
AAGNNN!
—IT STARTS TO MELT! THEN INTO THE MOLTEN MASS FALLS THE HEAD -- SCREAMING TO THE LAST!
THE FIERY LIQUID REACHES THE LABORATORY'S CHEMICALS... AND THE LAST REMAINS OF THE CASTLE FLIES LIKE THE DUST FROM WHICH IT ORIGINATED!
BLAM!
THEN, AS THE TOWNSFOLK, ATTRACTED BY THE BLAST, WATCH IN WONDER... THE VISION, CHAMPION OF THE OPPRESSED, RETURNS TO HIS OWN DIMENSION!
WILL BE BACK IN THE NEXT

Tops!
THRILLS! MYSTERY! ACTION! COMEDY! PATRIOTISM!
CAPTAIN AMERICA
EVERY MONTH
HEY, KIDS!
YOU'LL WANT TO BECOME A MEMBER OF CAP'S SENTINELS OF LIBERTY AS SOON AS POSSIBLE! TO GET YOUR OFFICIAL BADGE AND MEMBERSHIP CARD, MAIL THIS COUPON AND 10c TODAY TO: CAPTAIN AMERICA, ROOM 1080, 330 WEST 42nd ST., NEW YORK CITY
NAME
STREET
CITY AND STATE

Jimmy JUPITER

FAR FAR AWAY, IN THE MIDDLE OF THE GREAT OCEAN OF RA LIES THE ISLAND OF PEARL. THIS IS THE LAND OF FAIRIES AND WIZARDS AND ENCHANTMENT.

HERE HIGH ON THE MOUNTAIN OF NOR IS THE GREAT CASTLE OF RA THE ALL-KING, RULER OF ALL THE GOOD FAIRIES AND THE MASTER OF ALL THE WIZARDS.

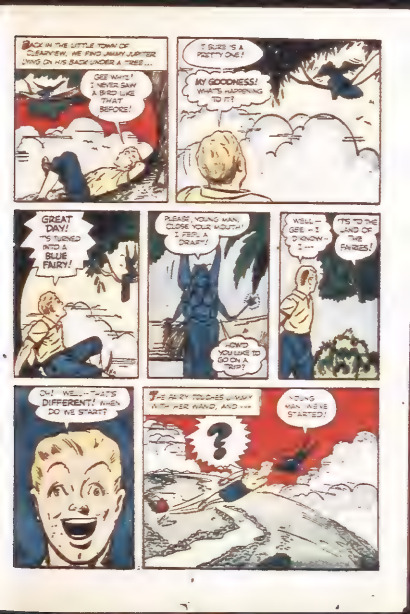
ON THIS DAY THERE IS A COUNCIL MEETING BEING HELD IN RA'S CASTLE.

COUNCILORS ARE REPORTING THE FIND OF THE GENERATION... A BOY WHO CAN VISIT THE ISLAND OF PEARL PSYCHICALLY, AND LEARN THEIR WONDERS.

IN EACH GENERATION THERE IS ONE, EITHER BOY OR GIRL, WHO CAN VISIT US, AND WE HAVE FOUND ONE, OH MIGHTY RA!

THIS TIME IT IS A BOY! HIS NAME IS JIMMY JUPITER!

EXCELLENT! HE MUST BE BROUGHT AT ONCE!


BACK IN THE LITTLE TOWN OF CLEARVIEW, WE FIND JIMMY JUPITER LYING ON HIS BACK UNDER A TREE...
GEE WHIZ! I NEVER SAW A BIRD LIKE THAT BEFORE!
IT SURE IS A PRETTY ONE!
MY GOODNESS! WHAT'S HAPPENING TO IT?
GREAT DAY! IT'S TURNED INTO A BLUE FAIRY!
PLEASE, YOUNG MAN, CLOSE YOUR MOUTH! IT'S DRAFTY!
HOW'D YOU LIKE TO GO ON A TRIP?
WELL— GEE — I D'KNOW I —
IT'S TO THE LAND OF THE FAIRIES!
OH! WELL— THAT'S DIFFERENT! WHEN DO WE START?
THE FAIRY TOUCHES JIMMY WITH HER WAND, AND ...
?
YOUNG MAN, WE'RE STARTED!

THIS IS THE ISLAND OF PERL, THE HOME OF THE FAIRIES
MY GOODNESS WE GOT HERE QUICK DIDN'T WE?
OH-OH WHAT'S THAT? ?
OH, THE HUNTING EAGLE OF THE WIZARD ZAR!
HEY! BLUE FAIRY! WHERE ARE YOU? - SHE'S GONE!
WITH THE FAIRY GONE JIMMY FINDS HIMSELF FALLING TOWARD EARTH!
HELP!
SWISH-
WHEW! THANKS MR. EAGLE! YOU SURE SAVED MY LIFE!
THIS MUST BE THE CASTLE OF ZAR THE WIZARD!
THE EAGLE ALIGHTS IN AN OPEN COURT BEFORE THE WIZARD WHO SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN EXPECTING THEM!
SO - YOU FINALLY ARRIVED!
YES MR. WIZARD THANKS FOR HAVING YOUR EAGLE SAVE MY LIFE!
THAT'S OKAY! I'D DO AS MUCH FOR ANY OF MY FRIENDS - BUT YOU'RE NOT MY FRIEND! TO THE DUNGEON WITH HIM!

PLUNK!
BECAUSE RA THE KING OF THE FAIRIES IS YOUR FRIEND AND ZAR IS JEALOUS OF RA.
ME!
WHO ARE YOU?
I'M KNOBBY THE MARIONETTE ZAR IS SAVING ME TO USE ME FOR WINTER FUEL!
GEE WHIZ!
SOMETIMES I WISH I WEREN'T ALIVE-SOMETIMES I WISH I WERE AN OLD CLUB LIKE I USED TO BE!
A CLUB?
WOW!
SO A SHORT WHILE LATER WHEN THE JAILER BRINGS JIMMY'S FOOD...
MORE.
CLUNK!

LEAVING THE UNCONSCIOUS GUARDS, THE TWO SNEAK OUT INTO THE CORRIDOR...
SHHHH!
I THINK THIS IS THE WAY OUT!
OH...
HERE'S A BIG OAK DOOR! I WONDER WHAT'S ON THE OTHER SIDE?
WELL, LET'S OPEN IT AND SEE!
CAUTIOUSLY THEY OPEN THE DOOR...
IT'S A BIG DINING ROOM.
AND MARCH TO THE OUTSIDE DOME DO!
SHHH! BEFORE WE'RE SEEN!
OH NO! GOING SOME PLACE?
SNAP
SNAP
THE WIZARD!
RUN!

STOP!
CAN'T MOVE!
GEE WHIZ!
A LITTLE SALT—
NOW A LITTLE PEP--
MA!
JIMMY! JIMMY!
THE SPELL'S BROKEN! WE CAN MOVE!
QUICK! OUT THE DOOR
LET'S GO!

KOF-KOF--
AHCHOO!
C'MON JIMMY! C'MON!
GEE WHIZ!
ACHOOO--!
ACHOOO!
AH! MAYBE THIS'LL DO IT!
AH-CHEY!
SHRINKING!
NOW LOOK WHAT
CUSS YOU!
TSK! TSK!
SEE! SOME PEOPLE NEVER APPRECIATE WHAT YOU DO FOR 'EM!
YEAH! WELL LETS GO!
WHERE'LL WE GO!
WHY, TO THE PALACE OF THE KING OF COURSE. NOW WHICH WAY IS IT?
GOSH! - LOST IN THE LAND OF ENCHANTMENT! WILL JIMMY AND KNOBBY BE ABLE TO FIND THEIR WAY? —CONTINUED IN THE NEXT MARVEL!

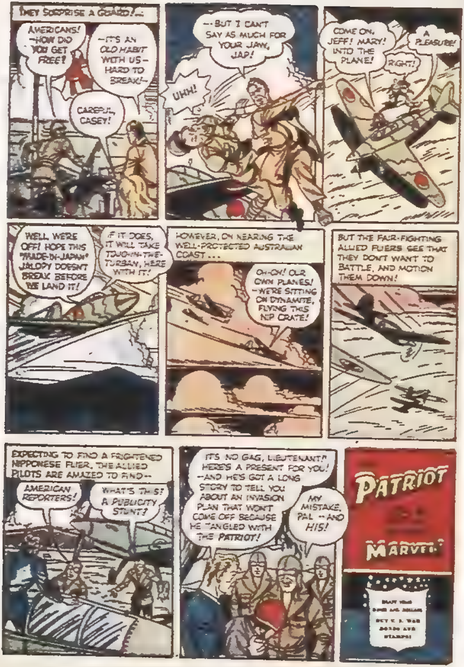
PATRIOT
JAP!

JAPS!
THE TRANSPORT LANDS... JEFF STEPS OUT
BANZAI!
BANZAI
HE ADDRESSES THE REPORTERS...
OUR NEWSPAPER FRIENDS ARE SHOVED BACK INTO THE PLANE UNDER GUARD.
...AND AFTER A SHORT FLIGHT THEY LAND AT A JAPANESE AIR BASE.

I WILL NOT WASTE TIME. YOU HAVE INFORMATION WHICH WILL HELP MY GOVERNMENT JAPAN TO SUCCESSFULLY INVADE AUSTRALIA. YOU WILL GIVE UP SAME - OR THIS GIRL WILL BE TORTURED -- AGREED?
YOU SWINE!
MARY IS IMMEDIATELY SEIZED AND TAKEN TO A DUNGEON --
SUFFER FOR HER FRIENDS' INSOLENCE
METHODS. YOU MAY BEGIN,
WHILE JEFF AND CASEY, REFUSING TO TALK, ARE THROWN INTO SEPARATE CELLS
AMERICAN PIG
SOON
THIS!
!
QUITE A FLYER!
JEFF MACE IMMEDIATELY SHEDS HIS CLOTHING TO REVEAL THE RED WHITE AND BLUE COSTUME OF THE
PATRIOT!
YOU'VE JUST BEEN DRAFTED!
NOW IF I CAN FIGURE OUT
MARY!
HELP!
SHE'S IN HERE, ALL RIGHT BUT THIS DOOR'S BEEN LOCKED TO STAY --

HE MAKES IT
SWING
THERE YOU ARE — NOW FOR THAT TURBANNED TERMITE
HELP
BUT AS THE PATRIOT TURNS THE PSEUDO HINDU REVIVES AND BOLTS FOR THE DOOR.

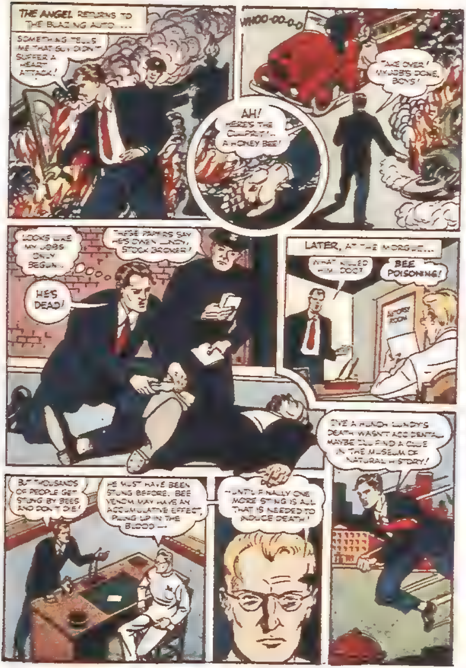
PUSHING THE JAP DOWN THE LONG HALL PATRIOT STOPS TO FREE CASEY
TAKE CARE OF THIS BEWILDERED BEAUTY WILL YOU?
THE PATRIOT
TAKE HER OUT THE BACK DOOR ... THERE NOW! I'LL SEE TO IT THAT YOUR ... HANDSOME FRIEND JEFF MEETS YOU THERE.
BUT—
FURTHER DOWN THE HALL ...
GET THAT MADMAN DO YOU HEAR!
YES SIR
AS THE PROCESSION PASSES PATRIOT
PSST GOT A MATCH
WHA—?
SILENTLY JEFF THROTTLES THE JAP!
GUESS YOU HAVEN'T ... THERE COULDN'T BE TWO LIKE YOU
AS THE SOLDIERS MOVE ON OBLIVIOUS TO THE FACT THAT THEIR LEADER HAS BEEN DETAINED THE PATRIOT RIFLES THE JAP'S BRIEFCASE!
INVASION PLANS
NOW A QUICK TRANSITION ... THE PLOT MOVES ON
JEFF ASSUMING A DAZED AIR MEETS MARY AND CASEY!
WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?
THE PATRIOT FREED ME AND TOLD ME TO TAKE CARE OF THIS JAP. WHAT'S UP?
?



THEY SURPRISE A GUARD!...
AMERICANS! —HOW DID YOU GET FREE?
—IT'S AN OLD HABIT WITH US—HARD TO BREAK!—
CAREFUL, CASEY!
—BUT I CAN'T SAY AS MUCH FOR YOUR JAW, JAP!
UHH!
COME ON, JEFF! MARY! INTO THE PLANE!
A PLEASURE!
RIGHT!
WELL, WE'RE OFF! HOPE THIS "MADE-IN-JAPAN" JALOPY DOESN'T BREAK BEFORE WE LAND IT!
IF IT DOES, IT WILL TAKE TOUCHIN'-THE-TURBAN, HERE WITH IT!
HOWEVER, ON NEARING THE WELL-PROTECTED AUSTRALIAN COAST...
OH-OH! OUR OWN PLANES! —WE'RE SITTING ON DYNAMITE, FLYING THIS NIP CRATE!
BUT THE FAIR-FIGHTING ALLIED FLIERS SEE THAT THEY DON'T WANT TO BATTLE, AND MOTION THEM DOWN!
EXPECTING TO FIND A FRIGHTENED NIPPONESE FLIER, THE ALLIED PILOTS ARE AMAZED TO FIND--
AMERICAN REPORTERS!
WHAT'S THIS? A PUBLICITY STUNT?
IT'S NO GAG, LIEUTENANT! HERE'S A PRESENT FOR YOU! —AND HE'S GOT A LONG STORY TO TELL YOU ABOUT AN INVASION PLAN THAT WON'T COME OFF BECAUSE HE TANGLED WITH THE PATRIOT!
MY MISTAKE, PAL — AND HIS!
PATRIOT
MARVEL

ANGEL
in DEATH COMES HUMMING!
Z-Z-Z-Z-Z!
WHEN YOU HEAR THAT, RUN!... BECAUSE DEATH IS COMING AND NO ONE CAN STOP IT!... NO ONE BUT THE ANGEL...

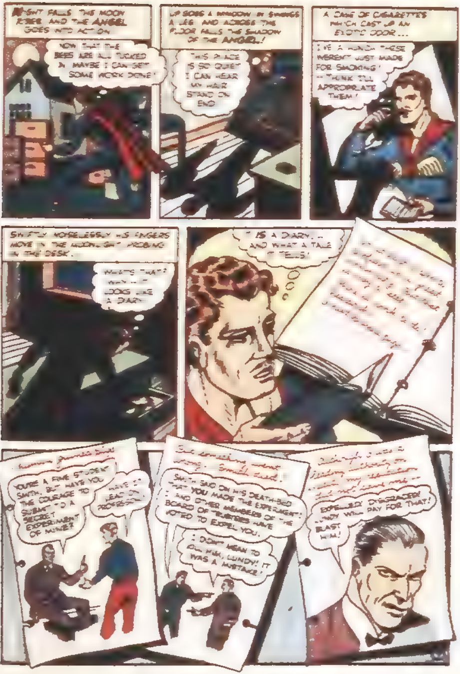
THE ANGEL IS OUT FOR A STROLL WHEN HE HEARS AN ANGUISHED CRY!
AIYEEEEE!
WHAT THE—?
THE GUY WHO YELLED WAS THE DRIVER! WOW! HE RAN OUT OF CONTROL!
CA-RA-A-AM!
CAR'S ON FIRE! I'VE GOT TO GET HIM OUT SOMEHOW!
BLAST THIS SMOKE! I CAN HARDLY BREATHE! SAY! — WHAT'S THAT BUZZING?
MADE IT! WONDER WHAT KEELED HIM OVER?
HMM? SMELLING ON THE NECK — THAT MAY EXPLAIN THE BUZZING IN THE CAR! NOTHING LIKE MAKING SURE!


THE ANGEL RETURNS TO THE BLAZING AUTO ...
SOMETHING TELLS ME THAT GUY DIDN'T SUFFER A HEART ATTACK!
WHOO-OO-O-O
TAKE OVER! MY JOB'S DONE, BOYS!
AH! HERE'S THE CULPRIT!... A HONEY BEE!
LOOKS LIKE MY JOB'S ONLY BEGUN...
THESE PAPERS SAY HE'S OWEN LUNDY, STOCK BROKER!
HE'S DEAD!
LATER, AT THE MORGUE...
WHAT KILLED HIM, DOC?
BEE POISONING!
BUT THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE GET STUNG BY BEES AND DON'T DIE!
HE MUST HAVE BEEN STUNG BEFORE. BEE VENOM MAY HAVE AN ACCUMULATIVE EFFECT, PILING UP IN THE BLOOD —
— UNTIL FINALLY ONE MORE STING IS ALL THAT IS NEEDED TO INDUCE DEATH!
I'VE A HUNCH LUNDY'S DEATH WASN'T ACCIDENTAL. MAYBE I'LL FIND A CLUE IN THE MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY!

EVER SEE THE TYPE OF BEE AROUND "HIVE PARTS"?
HMM. THERE'S ONLY ONE PLACE — THE CROWN BEE FARM IN HARVILLE. WE GET SPECIMENS THERE OCCASIONALLY.
CROWN BEE FARM
HOT IN THE SCENT, THE ANGEL POUNCES THE INSECT—
THE CURATOR SAID THE BEE WAS IMPORTED — A PARTICULARLY SAVAGE VARIETY!
Later...
HEY, BUD! WE CROWN ARCHNID!
CROWN BEE FARM
THAT'S ME. WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?
I'M TRYING TO SOLVE A MURDER. THE KILLER WAS ONE OF YOUR BEES
BUT EYED AS CROWN TALKS, HE SNAPS A FINGER AND UNNOTICED BY THE ANGEL, ONE OF THE BEES GOES INTO ACTION!
WHAT? THAT'S ABSURD!
BUZZING FURIOUSLY, UP IT ZOOMS...
...AND STRIKES WITH A VENGEANCE!
YEOW!
CROWN BEE FARM
SO SORRY! SOMETIMES MY LITTLE ONES GET OUT OF HAND! — PERHAPS SOME MEDICINE...
I'VE HAD MY MEDICINE, THANK YOU! STAND BACK!

AS THE WEIRD SOUND ESCAPES FROM CROWN'S LIPS THE CLUSTER OF BEES ON HIS FACE SOAR TOWARD THE ANGEL!
WOW!
BAM!
THAT'S THE SOUND I LIKE. IF YOU HEAR A BUZZING IN YOUR EARS, IT ISN'T BEES!
DEATH!
THE BLOODTHIRSTY BUZZING RISES TO A ROAR AS THE ANGEL WHIRLS!
TOO MANY ON CROWN'S SIDE! I'VE GOT TO BEAT IT! --FAST!
GOOD THING I FOUND THIS CREEK -- OR I'D BE UP THE CREEK!

NOW IF I WERE SUB-MARINER I COULD MAKE MYSELF COMFORTABLE HERE FOR A COUPLE OF HOURS AND WAIT 'EM OUT BUT I CAN'T! —GLUB!
NOT AS SAFE AS YOU THINK, ANGEL!
LOOK OUT, ANGEL! DEATH IS HUMMING TOWARD YOU!
DON'T THOSE BEES EVER TAKE TIME OUT FOR LUNCH?
MAYBE THEY THINK I'M LUNCH!
SWIFT STROKES TAKE THE ANGEL AROUND A BEND IN THE CREEK ...
AHHH! LOOKS LIKE THE GAME OF HIDE AND SEEK IS OVER!



NIGHT FALLS, THE MOON RISES AND THE ANGEL GOES INTO ACTION
NOW THAT THE BEES ARE ALL TUCKED IN MAYBE I CAN GET SOME WORK DONE!
UP GOES A WINDOW IN SWINGS A LEG AND ACROSS THE FLOOR FALLS THE SHADOW OF THE ANGEL!
THIS PLACE IS SO QUIET I CAN HEAR MY HAIR STAND ON END
A CASE OF CIGARETTES WHICH CAST UP AN EXOTIC ODOR...
I'VE A HUNCH THESE WEREN'T JUST MADE FOR SMOKING! -- THINK I'LL APPROPRIATE THEM!
SWIFTLY NOISELESSLY HIS FINGERS MOVE IN THE MOONLIGHT PROBING IN THE DESK.
WHAT'S THAT? WHY -- IT LOOKS LIKE A DIARY
IT IS A DIARY... AND WHAT A TALE IT TELLS!
YOU'RE A FINE STUDENT SMITH, BUT HAVE YOU THE COURAGE TO SUBMIT TO A SECRET EXPERIMENT OF MINE?
LEAD ON, PROFESSOR
SMITH SAID ON HIS DEATH-BED THAT YOU MADE THE EXPERIMENT! I AND OTHER MEMBERS OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES HAVE VOTED TO EXPEL YOU.
I DIDN'T MEAN TO KILL HIM, LUNDY! IT WAS A MISTAKE!
EXPELLED! DISGRACED! LUNDY WILL PAY FOR THAT!
BLAST HIM!

HE TURNS HIS UNPLEASANT FACE TO THE MOONLIGHT AND UTTERS HIS SPINE-CHILLING SIGNAL!
BONG!
ZZZZZEEEEE
WOW!
HE SLAMS THE WINDOW SHUT
WHY RUN? YOU'RE ONLY PROLONGING THE AGONY!

IN DESPERATE HASTE THE ANGEL CLOSES THE CELLAR DOOR!
SO FAR, SO GOOD!
LOCKED! YOU FOOL!
DOESN'T HE KNOW THAT LOCKS WERE MADE TO UNLOCK? HEH, HEH!
BANG!
BANG!
I COULD SHOOT YOU, MY DEAR ANGEL, BUT THAT WAY OF DYING IS MUCH TOO SWIFT! THERE WE IS, MY LITTLE ONES! KILL HIM! KILL HIM!
GUESS ALL I NEED IS A HARP AND I'LL BE A REAL ANGEL IN A FEW MINUTES! WOW!
-LIKE A BALLOON, AND THEN GO POP!
I WON'T BE ABLE TO TAKE THIS MUCH LONGER! - SAY! - I ALMOST FORGOT! - SOME CIGARETTES!
THE ANGEL RUNS, BUT THE BIKES ARE UPON HIM!
YEOW! MY ARM!
YOU'LL SWELL LIKE A BALLOON WHEN THEY GET THROUGH WITH YOU!
DODGING INTO AN ARCADE, THE ANGEL MANAGES TO EVADE THE BIKES FOR A MOMENT!
I DON'T GO IN FOR THESE AS A RULE, BUT A FEW MORE, I'LL GIVE THE MANUFACTURER A WRITTEN TESTIMONIAL!

HERE'S SMOKE IN YOUR EYES!
THE STRANGELY PERFUMED SMOKE HITS THE BEES. THEY SPIN AROUND WILDLY AND TURN ON THEIR MASTER!
HELP!
HE MUST HAVE FOUND THE CHAMPETRES I USE WHEN THE BEES GET OUT OF HAND!
CROWN IS CLUSTERED WITH BEES. BUT THIS TIME THEY STING!
YEOW! THEY FEEL LIKE NEEDLES - A MILLION RED-HOT NEEDLES!
AI-YI-EEE-E! THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO END THIS NIGHTMARE - ONE WAY!
BANG!
BEFORE YOU READ ANY FURTHER - THIS IS TO REMIND YOU THAT ANOTHER THRILLING ADVENTURE OF THE ANGEL WILL APPEAR IN THE NEXT MARVEL COMICS!
DEAD AS A DUSTY DOORNAIL! HE KNEW WHAT WAS GOOD FOR HIM!
HE SHOT HIMSELF!
THE BEES FORM A SHROUD OF DEATH OVER THE CORPSE OF THEIR MASTER AS, FOR A MOMENT, THE SHADOW OF THE ANGEL LINGERS - LINGERS AND IS GONE!

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